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Tr.—Well I shall send, at all events, a pianist. He'll help to fill up.

This is the future of Parisian Salons.—In his work entitled "Parisian Life," Gil pères exclaims with his peculiar enthusiasm: "I am determined to people the salons of the Faubourg-St-Germain." This heartfelt cry is but the echo of an absolute necessity; the salons must be repeopled, but the only resource lies in automatic guests; for it is easier to win a prize in a lottery for the benefit for the poor, than to persuade a young man in Paris to forsake, for a single evening, his beloved Nichette, to dance with the most charming young ladies of the upper circles.

I intended to speak of the aquarium of the Boulevard Montmartre.

Well, I won't.

**VIOLINS.**—The most celebrated makers of violins have been the Amatis, Stainer, and the two Stradivarius's; but few particulars have been handed down to us respecting them; nor is this surprising considering that their celebrity is owing in a great degree to time, by which alone their works have been brought to perfection.

An Amati is a phrase often in the mouths of amateurs, without their being, perhaps, aware that there were four makers of that name, viz.:—Andrew, the father; Jerome and Antony, his sons; and Nicholas, Antony's son.

The handsomest Amatis are those made by Jerome.

All these individuals, as well as the two Stradivarius's, belonged to Cremona; and hence that other phrase, by which, in order to designate a violin of the first order, it is called a genuine Cremona.

Of the visible characteristics of the works of these different artists, the most prominent are these.

The Stainer violins compared with the Amatis, are high and narrow, and the box more confined, the sound holes are cut more perpendicular, and are shorter, there is also a kind of notch at the turn.

The Stradivarius violins are of a larger pattern, particularly those of Antonius, the son; and have a wider box than the Amatis, and longer sound holes, which are cut at the ends very sharp and broad with a little hollow at the end which other makers cut flat.

The varnishes of the Amatis and Strainer's are yellow, as well as those of Stradivarius the father; the son's varnish is red.

Of the audible characteristics, surely of the most importance, though too frequently a secondary consideration, generally speaking, the Amatis have a mild and sweet tone; the Strainers, a sharp and piercing tone; and the Stradivarius's, a rich, full tone.

**HALLUCINATIONS OF GREAT MEN.**—Spine'lo, who had painted the Fall of the Angels, thought that he was haunted by the frightful devils which he had depicted. He was rendered so miserable by this hallucination, that he destroyed himself. One of our own artists, who was much engaged in painting caricatures, became haunted by the distorted faces he drew; and the deep melancholy and terror which accompanied those apparitions, caused him to commit suicide. Miller, who executed the copper-plate of the Sixtine Madonna, had more lovely visions. Towards the close of his life, the Virgin appeared to him, and thanking him for the affection he had shown towards her, invited him to follow her to heaven. To achieve this, the artist starved himself to death. Beethoven, who became completely deaf in the decline of life, often heard his sublime compositions performed distinctly. It is related of Ben Jonson, that he spent the whole of one night in regarding his great toe, around which he saw Tartars, Turks, Romans, and Catholics, climbing up and fighting. Goethe, when out riding one day, was surprised to see an exact image of himself on horseback dressed in a light-colored coat, riding towards him.

#### GENERAL GOSSIP.

What New York understands by music halls, is something partaking of pretty waiter-girl-ism, a jingling piano, a couple of asthmatic violins, possibly a windless horn or trombone, and bad whisky *ad libitum*.

London sees the thing in a different light. There they have the Canterbury, celebrated not only for its vocal and instrumental performers, but having a picture gallery worth several hours study. The Oxford, famous for its chorus, in that point rivalling Her Majesty's Theatre, and the Metropolitan and Pavilion, the first in the Edgware road, the last at the top of the Haymarket, are each wonderful in their way. But beyond these is the last and newest sensation, the Alhambra a magnificent hall, fitted with all the theatrical luxury of the age, and just now startling the London world by the beauty of its ballet, and the perfection of its music. Is there not an idea in this for some of our New York enterprise?

In London they have just got through the pantomime season—when are we have such a season here?—and we may shortly expect some startling spring novelties in the musical and dramatic way, but just now "there's nothing stirring but stagnation." Arditi has been giving Sunday concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre, which have been as much of a success as Harrison's have been here.

Paris, even more than New York, must always have its lion or lioness in music or the drama, and the last speaks drolly for the taste of what claims to be the first art city of the world. It is nothing less than the Menken, who follows in the wake of Therese, Anonyma, Veullot, Rigobooche, and other questionable talent. Speaking of Therese; who, by the way, is not a bit more objectionable or vulgar than a score we have seen on the New York stage, instance Mrs. John Wood, the Worrell Sisters, etc., we see that she has been replaced—it will be remembered that she went to the south of France to recruit her health—at the Alcazar by one Mme. Suzanne Lagier. If we are to believe the press of that good city, young Paris does not like Lagier as well as Therese, but respects her more!

Mlle. Georges is dead. This announcement will touch old Paris, even more nearly than middle aged New York was touched by the death, a few weeks since, of their once favorite, Mary Taylor. Mlle. Georges after having reigned queen in the heart of the first Napoleon, and that of the Czar Alexander; after having fascinated the Pacha of Adrianople, the handsomest and richest man in the east of Europe, died in poverty at Passy, in a poor lodging house, dependent on charity for her burial, and unattended even by her comrades of the Theatre Francais, so many of whom she had brought out and assisted to fame. The officers of the school of Beaux Arts took charge of the funeral, and, with great good taste, respected the often expressed wish of the great actress, to be laid by the side of her old friend and fellow artist Talma, in Pere la Chaise.

For years before Mlle. Georges left the stage she had grown so immensely stout that it was with difficulty she got about, and her physical redundancy gave ample fun to the caricaturists of the capital. Droll stories are told of accidents from this cause, the drollest of which was that which happened on the night of her first appearance at the little Theatre Beaumarchais. Mlle. had been accustomed to the large stage of the

Odeon, and in the excitement of a first appearance before a new audience, missed her length—as the professional term is—and strode directly over the footlights into the orchestra, crushing under her ponderous weight, fiddlers and fiddles, horns and horn-blowers, carrying away the glass shades, and making confusion worse confounded. For a few moments the affair was serious between, the shrieks of laughter and the shrieks of terror, but Mlle., having been "set up again," insisted upon going on with the performance, advancing to the stage front, and like a queen addressing her subjects saying, "Take courage my friends, I am unhurt, and you shall not be deprived of your entertainment."

They do things in a funny way at Rome. The last comical thing being an idiosyncrasy of that respectable old gent Pius Ninth! He took into his venerable head to disapprove of a part of a scene in "La Contessa d' Egmont," then performing at the Argentine Theatre. The censor had already scissored the plot until scarce anything was left, when Pius found fault with a scene in which Mme. Salvani, *la premiere danseuse*, gives her lover a good, sound, appetizing kiss, such as ought to have pleased even the Pope himself. This he ordered stopped by the police. Mme. Salvani remonstrated that it was the telling point of the piece, and secondly that her lover was not a man, but a woman like herself, only dressed in male attire. This, in the eyes of the moral Pius, invested the thing with still more horror, he, without doubt, regarding it as a waste of material, and the command was reiterated. The next night the house was jammed, and at this critical scene, amid the wildest cheers of the Roman public, Madame violated the Papal bull, and administered a smack to her lover that might have been heard through the very walls of the Vatican. The result was that Mme. Salvani slept that night in the lock-up, where she still remains. The affair is only equalled by the famous order of the Vienna censor, some years ago, that all the ballet should wear green tights, or the order of Bomba II., before he was driven out of Naples, that all the ballet girls at the San Carlos should wear baggy Turkish trowsers.

A queen without a crown is rather an anomaly, but it seems that until the other day the Queen of the Belgians did not have this useful piece of furniture in the house. But at last Her Majesty having raised the tin, her crowner (?) has sent home her head dress. *Le Nord* says that it is an elaborately beautiful work of art, composed of 40 pearls, half of them pear-shaped, and very large, 40 large diamonds, ranging from 5 to 20 carats, and 5000 small ones. It resembles a coronal of flames, weighs just half a pound, and cost more than a fashionable bonnet—we guess.

There is a warning to the frequenters of Barnum's in a curious accident that occurred the other day on the famous aquarium on the Boulevard Montmartre. At that time of day when the place was best filled, the visitors was started by a loud report, and instantly by a rush of waters, which o'erwhelmed a score or two who were not spry enough to get away. It proved to be the bursting of the great sea aquarium, containing 1500 gallons of water, and fish enough to feed a regiment. For a while there was a fearful scene of humans floating around with infant sharks, full-grown porgies and gigantic eels, the first swallowing sea water and frightening their piscatorial companions from swallowing them by lusty shrieks. The water soon found its level and no lives were lost, though contusions were plenty.